The Bystander, February 27, 1918.—No. 743. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER

DELIVERING THE GOODS

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The Crisis

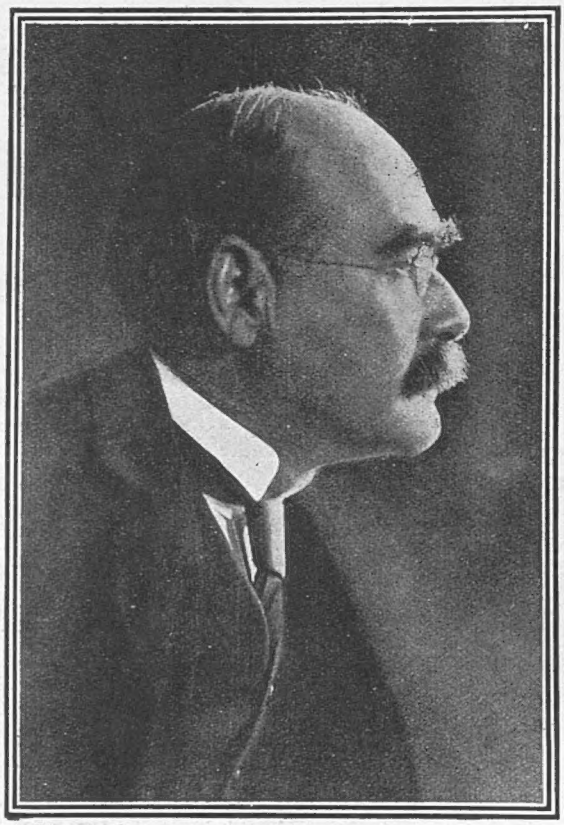
THE only amusing thing about our latest political "crisis" in war-time was that nearly all the shrewd lobby prophets were utterly out of their reckoning. The Georgian Ministry was never in real danger and the excitement in the House could make no fight of it against the refrigerating spell of the Lloyd George press. It takes an army corps of newspapers to smash a Government, but on this occasion nearly all the powerful journals were defending the Premier. The lobby prophets will have learnt their lesson: "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left. The Leader-writers have it!" And this is an amazing survival of power when we remember that we have a Censor, who, of course, is finely impartial.

What the Country Thinks

FROM all that I can hear the "Crisis" and its makers are generally and roundly condemned. No one seems to be able to think of a better Premier than Mr. George, and only persons who are politically concerned would dream of re-instating "Wait and See!" Of course, with the 8,000,000 new voters as the bait, there will be more trouble as soon as a chance can be found, but it is scarcely likely to take the form of a direct frontal attack. Still, it is monstrous that Ministers should be disturbed in their war work by the intrigues of place-seekers, and if the House does not improve its ways it had better be shut down until there is leisure for trifling.

The Ruin of Russia

WE make no apologies for having three cartoons about Russian affairs this week. Too many people make the mistake of dismissing Russia as "out of the war" and not troubling to wonder what the future of the wounded giant may be. For Russia—or at any rate the Russians—must still be a big factor in the world, even though bits of her break off and set themselves up, temporarily, as independent States. Driven by force and fraud in fairly equal quantities, Russia finds herself, at best, in a peace that is no peace. The curtain has rung down on the third act of the tragedy: the last act has yet to be played.



Photograph *Hoppé*

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

Whose name has been put forward as Director of Propaganda at Home

"Lest We Forget . . ."

WHETHER or no Mr. Rudyard Kipling becomes Director of Propaganda at Home—an office the offer of which he was reported to have received a few days ago, it would scarcely be possible to find a better man for the job. Mr. Kipling has neither spoken nor written much during the war, but what he has spoken and written show clearly how fully he recognises the importance of keeping the infamies of the Hun always before our thoughts. It should be the first aim of a propaganda department to see to it that they are not forgotten; and Mr. Kipling knows better how to bring them vividly home to the understanding than any man alive.

The Unscientific Drinker

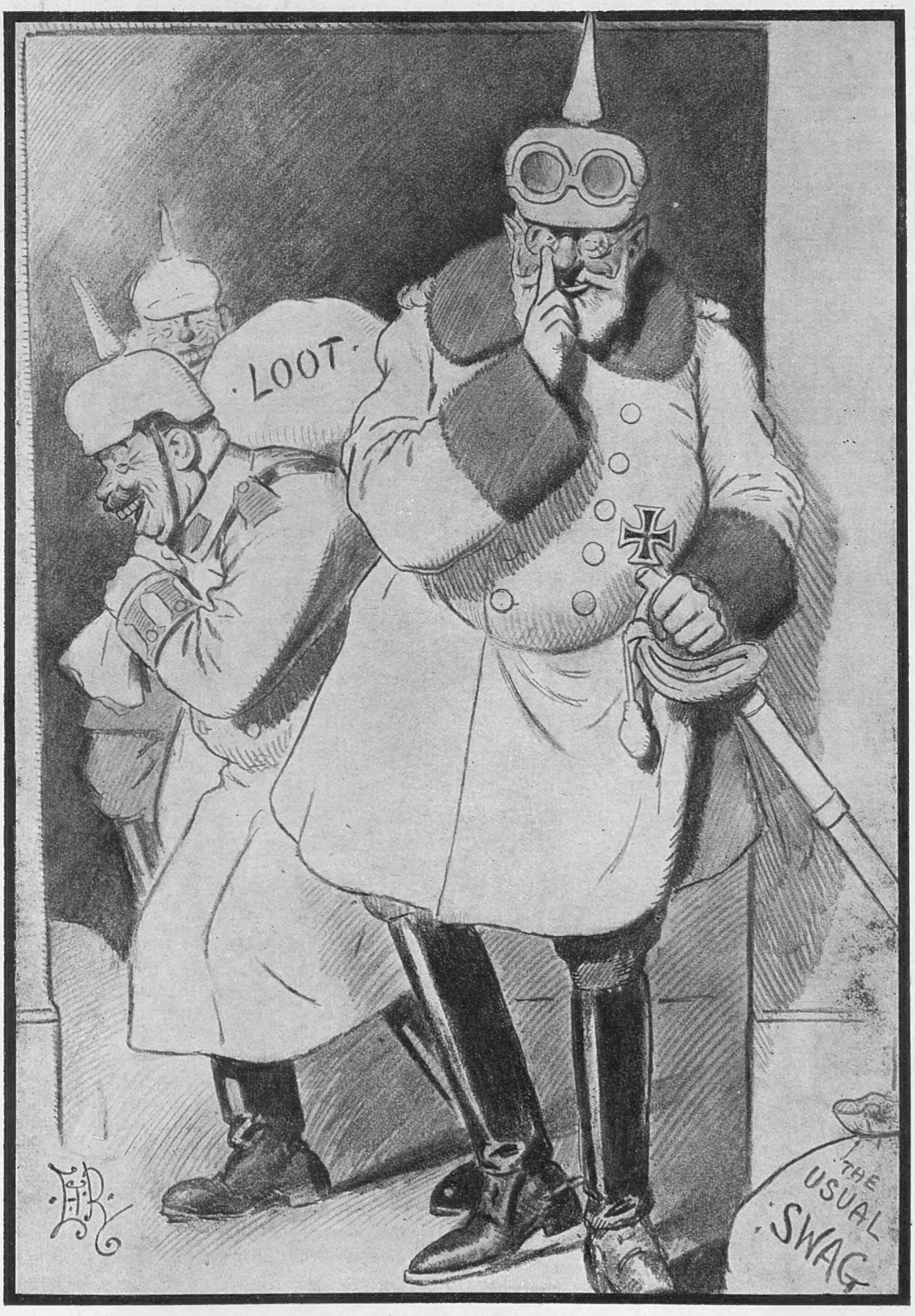
WITH a strange excess of zeal the Liquor Control Board has issued a pamphlet on the action of alcohol on the human body. It is there proved that the nutritional value of alcohol is strictly limited, while its habitual use as an aid to work is physiologically unsound. The precise value of this monumental work remains to be expounded to us. The man who takes a glass of beer or wine does so because he wants it, and not because he is satisfied that he is doing anything very scientific or clever. And if, having taken it, he thinks it has done him good, Euclid himself could not persuade him to the contrary.

Summer Time

IN less than a month summer time begins—though scarcely summer. This year it is to run from Lady Day to Michaelmas, so there will be more of it than in either 1916 or 1917. "Summer Time" is one of the few good things that the war has given us: if there had been no war Parliament would still have been talking about it and doing nothing. If only for the sake of the allotmenter, the daylight gained would be well worth the little trouble involved; but there is not a single class which does not actually benefit, and the saving of artificial light will be a big economy not only to the individual, but to the country as a whole. I wish Mr. Willett had lived to see the results of his persistent endeavours to get this great reform through. But then, of course, they might have made him a C.B.E. or something.

(*Continued on page 438*)

"For the Protection of Europe"



PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA: "'More invasion,'—'Anozzer burglary!' Oh, de-ar, no-o! Ze poor peoples inzide here was *very ill*—most contagious!—und ve haf to go through ze whole blace und gombletely dizinfect efferytings—ze poor English and French might catch it, you know!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The "Specials"

WE keep on saying that we can never be too grateful to our special constables, and we mean it; but surely a little more or perhaps at times a great deal more, consideration might be paid to these self-sacrificing gentlemen. To have to be on the ground soon after 9 a.m. for a sparsely attended function not timed until after midday is unnecessary and oppressive. Similar annoyances are not as infrequent as they should be. If official gratitude is not to be thought of, there might at least be a little more common-sense and tact.

Trouble in the Clubs

IN the political clubs throughout the whole country, there are a varying number of members of the National Party. These gentlemen were encouraged to continue their membership as the politicians believed that the "N.P." would not trouble them greatly. Now, however, that the new Party is becoming daily more threatening to the old gangs, a change of policy is being attempted. The National Liberal Club, where there are quite a number of National Party men, is likely to take the lead, and probably the Carlton will not be slow to follow. The Constitutional, however, may be expected to sit tight. It has so many members of the "N.P." that a vote might have a sensational result. One of the Lancashire Conservative Clubs has recently come over *en masse* to the National Party, and that disturbing event has set the caucus leaders thinking.

The Comb Preferred

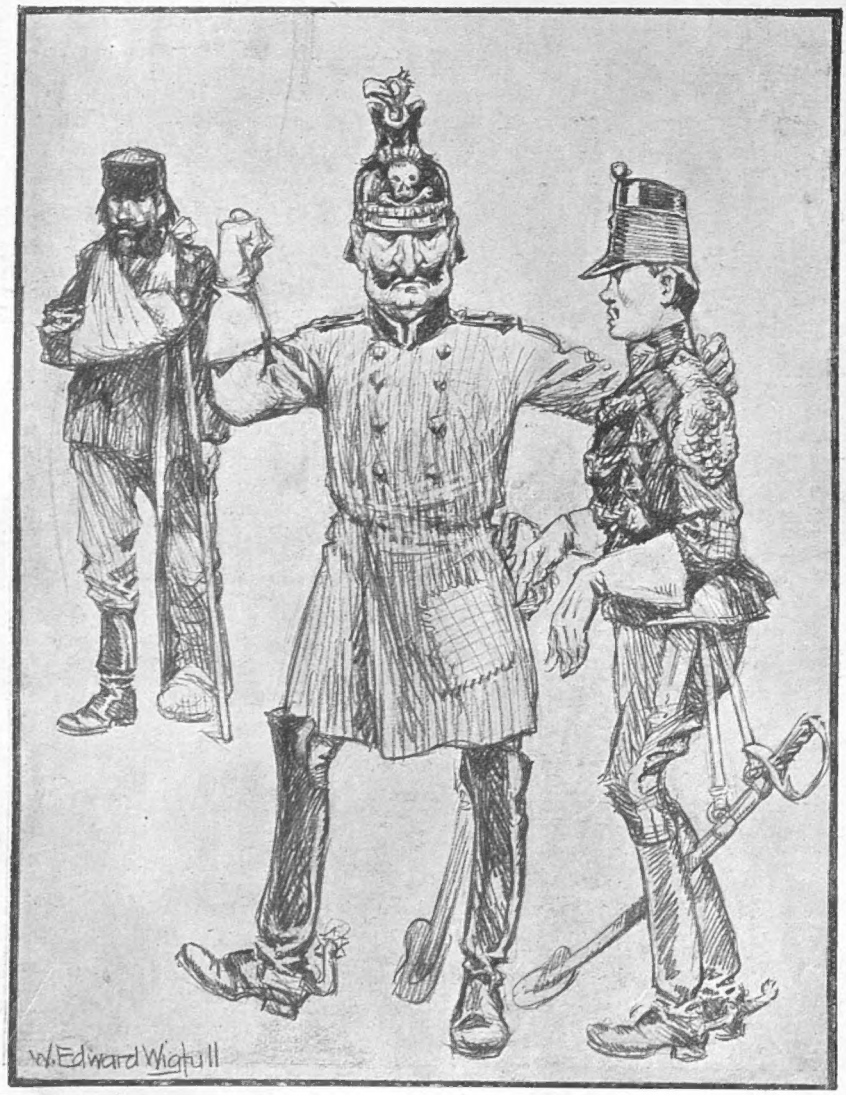
THE good women of Glasgow have strong views on strikes. They have their own policy for dealing with down-toolers, and have placarded the City with a frank statement of their intentions. They have also announced that they themselves will exact the penalty, and publicly. The men are not enthusiastic about the business and will undoubtedly prefer, and submit to, the comb. Truly the good folk of Glasgow have given an inspiring and resourceful lead to the rest of the women of the country.

Rations—and Compensations

IN at least one big public school the name of Lord Rhondda is not greeted with execration, for his limitation of rations has resulted, at Harrow, in the abolition of "early school," a reform which will be widely welcomed, especially in the winter terms. That extra hour and a half in bed will almost be a compensation for no longer being able to run down after early school and obtain that piping hot sausage and mashed (in a jam-pot) which used to add such a vivid touch of home joys to the school breakfast. But we cannot believe that the Harrovians will, though they have to pull their belts a bit tighter, be any less keen on supporting their Cadet Corps; and there is, we understand, no truth in the rumour that the school, in its enthusiasm, in future proposes to call itself Har-rhondda-hill.

But "the Germans know"

IT was interesting to hear from Lord Jellicoe, in his speech at the Aldwych Club, on Wednesday, so graphic an account of the work of the "Silent Service," especially with regard to the splendid and unceasing activity of our destroyers and submarines. But, considering the deep interest taken by the country in the work of the Navy—an interest hardly remarkable, since we know we owe our very lives to its ships and men—Lord Jellicoe's statement that we heard nothing of the visits of our Navy paid to German waters, although the Germans knew about them, leads one to wonder whether the country might not be told more about these little expeditions by way of cheering us all up. On Lord Jellicoe's statement it is clear that the telling would give no information to the enemy that he does not already possess.



THE KAISER: "Come on, Karl! Here's a cripple; let's go and jump on him!"
KARL: "Well, suppose you do it yourself this time, I'm feeling a bit tired!"

One of Debrett's War-Workers

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE HON. RACHEL CAULFEILD

Younger sister of Viscount Charlemont. She has for a long time been nursing at a war hospital in Surrey

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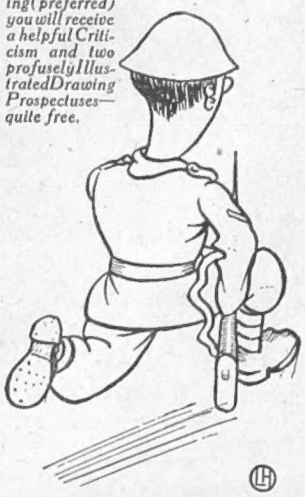
A German "Withdrawal"

This clever little "scribble," suggesting "A Strategic Retreat," is the work of an Officer-Pupil of The Press Art School. It indicates the *character* of the teaching of these Postal Drawing Courses.

If you send a copy of this Sketch, or an original Drawing (preferred) you will receive a helpful Criticism and two profusely Illustrated Drawing Prospectuses—quite free.



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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *February* 25, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

IN these fearf'ly nervy days of alarums and excursions, it's really quite a good thing, isn't it, that we English are proverbially a phlegmatic, an unexcitable, calm, not to say a stodgy, people? The very solid base of the national temperament—the emotions ever subservient to the proprieties—was never, I think, more noticeable than during a recent week-end here in London.

"It was the lovely moon . . ."

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TO start with—

It was the lovely moon—she lifted
Slowly her white brow among
Bronze cloud-waves that ebbed and drifted.
Faintly, faintlier afar.
Calm she looked, yet pale with wonder,
Sweet in unwonted thoughtfulness,
Watching the earth that dwindled under
Faintly faintlier afar.

And the Gothas came, like clockwork, nightly; preceded, as the new raid fashion is, by a very fine but slightly alarming maroon display of bangs and coloured lights that frighten quite lots of people almost more than the real thing that follows after.

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IN full blast, also, was one of those rotten political crises that cause our unfortunate country so impatiently—but of course quite impotently—to rage in war-time. There is a feud, it seems, between the supporters of the Prime Minister and the ex-Prime Minister, who show what the flying-man, Lord Hugh Cecil, calls "a mischievous tendency to pursue a vendetta at the cost of the country's interest."

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ON top of the political crisis there raged also a military one. "The C.I.G.S. has resigned," said the papers. "I haven't!" said the C.I.G.S., and even the official announcement of his successor didn't put a stop to the intrigues and the squabbles and the manœuvres and the gossip, which rose positively to fever heat when it went the rounds that Mr. Asquith had been dining with Lord Lansdowne.

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MEANWHILE, there was the eternal Food Question more than ever in the picture, for it was during this fateful week-end that there descended on the British householder, those jig-saw food cards which are, according to the Member for Ludlow, "Absolutely hopeless—the people cannot make anything of them, and unless something better is arranged there will be food rioting, as the people will not be able to get any food." And to add to life's little amenities here in England in war-time, half the London taxis went on strike because the Home Secretary refused to agree to shilling a mile fares.

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OVER in France—well, over in France they were merely preparing, that's all, while the enemy massed his millions for the greatest battle the world has ever known! At any moment it might have fallen—the long-expected blow for which our armies for days and nights, and weeks and months and years have been strenuously making ready. And just what the men over there, as they prepare for death and danger, must think of our bickerings and our squabblings and our squeakings and intriguings over here . . . But perhaps they are too busy, too intent on saving their country from the Hun, to bother. And at the moment, when the most fateful crisis of the war has been reached, the stupid game of party politics is not, in any case, a fitting sport for gallant battle-fighters.

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BUT you'll admit—a fairly nerve-racking, not to say sobering week-end. Were we, however, downhear'ed? Were we perturbed? Most of all, did we act for one moment as if, as Mr. Kipling has

(Continued on page 442)

"Those jig-saw food-cards"

just said, War-work is the only thing of importance, everything else is danger and waste?

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WELL, not on the face of it anyway. London at the parting of the ways, at the most crucial moment in the nation's history, with her hospitals full, thousands of her women widows and her children fatherless, is still just the same calm and crowded pleasure-seeking city. During this particular week-end of stress and danger, never have the queues (for the theatres) been longer, nor the places of amusement and the restaurants more packed. To get a couple of stalls for any popular show was an achievement you couldn't bring off if you'd bribed Keith Prowse with *butter*, and there was also produced in the middle of it—of raids as well as crises—what someone calls a new book of the "Bingiad"—*The Bing Boys on Broadway* at the Alhambra.

"The political crisis amazes the battle-fighters"

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THIS newest revue is, as the newspapers say, on the usual scale of heavy magnificence, and if it's really true that, as the Labour Member for Manchester puts it, we have reached the point where the patriotism and endurance of the civilian population must be tested and his appetites go short—well, at the new *Bing Boys* anyway he won't go short of the sight of marvellous frocks on expensive young women, of a variety of not exactly economical stage-settings; of that ever-popular dish, sentiment, for we get it in lavishly unrationed portions in the successor to "If you were the Only Girl in the World"—which is the Loraine-Robey duet,

The first love
Is the last love
And the best love of all.

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OF laughter either, for the inimitable George is funnier and more hideously attractive than ever, whether declaring "No trumps" to the New York Customs House officer, or in an opium-den, or on a Broadway roof-garden, so sumptuous that one *almost* finds oneself wishing someone would buy Mr. Robey a collar or something. But that is, of course, a foolish idea. Why tamper with perfection?

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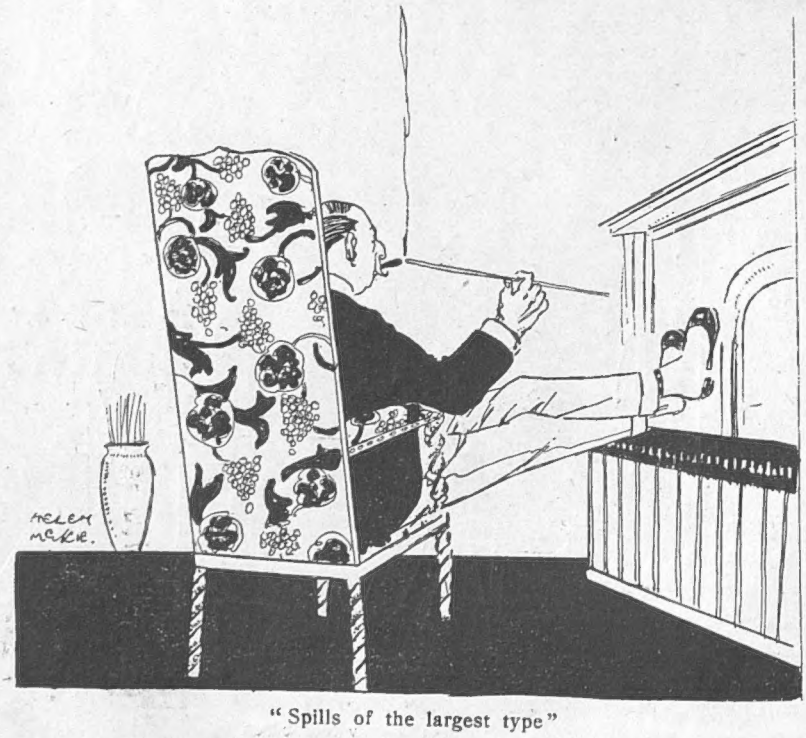
OTHER little "raid and crisis" week-end happenings included concerts, positively in dozens, and a Pioneer Players' production on Sunday afternoon, so far removed from the Kiplingese War-work-is-all-that-matters axiom, that one could only once again marvel open-mouthed at our wonderful English detachment. The play, *La Femme et le Pantin*, was a story of true love that I *think* after long last was requited. Only, in this case, the course thereof ran so very far from smoothly, as well as at such unholy length, that before the end one's brain boggled. But the stage scenes were a triumph, even for the clever daughter of the P.P.'s president, Miss Ellen Terry, and you'll guess what a war-work its production must have been when I tell you there were half a hundred people in the cast alone, and that's not counting the secretaries and the treasurers and the translators and the producers and the managers and the dressmakers, and the rest.



"Spills of the largest type"

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IT amused, by the way (and also slightly dumbfounded), a decidedly modern type audience to find themselves—just as we've got the vote—witness to a play in which the almost painfully pure heroine proves herself a worthy illustration of that ancient adage about

A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree.
The more you, etc.

Not love, but merely scene after scene, and then *more* scenes, does the lady give her lover until—well, until, as above, he's given her a really *very* hearty biff and torn her hair off, and altogether let himself go.

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TALKING of pre-war-like amusements, not much smoke of battle either, about the fearf'ly smart portrait

(Continued on page 444)

From Versailles to Whitehall

GENERAL SIR HENRY WILSON

Who has succeeded General Sir William Robertson as Chief of the Imperial General Staff

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Took his seat in the House of Lords last Tuesday. Our photograph shows H.R.H. going to the House accompanied by Lord Claud Hamilton and Sir Sidney Greville

"*IN ENGLAND—NOW!*" (*concluded*)

show which broke upon our Bond Street horizon, also in the midst of crises. At the Private View "Society" gathered in force to see their oh! so flattered selves in modern pigment by the modernest —and most expensive—painters on the walls. And no too offensively obtrusive signs of the wear and tear of war-work are to be observed on the flawless faces and exquisitely manicured hands and *not* standardised gowns of the lovely "subjects." Indeed, at these shows, in these so fateful days, that's the question that overmasters all criticism and even admiration—why?

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Is it really necessary for winning the war that these much-painted ladies (one of them is presented no less than thrice in this show alone, and she's been in all the others, too, for the last five years at least!) should have yet an umteenth portrait of themselves added to the wealth (?) of the nation? And is there no other war-job in the world to which the deft hands, so skilled at wielding the brush, could at this time be turned? Surely these "types of English beauty" can't *all* be intended for that War Museum which is providing so many of our top-notch artist people with such nice little jobs at £1000 a year—a bigger income than the colonel of a regiment or the captain of a battleship touches?

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But then, of course, it isn't the war-makers, in war, who make the money, is it? Go out to France or Mesopotamia, or Egypt, or Africa to fight England's battles for her, and risk death, or worse, in the doing—and you get, at best, hardly the barest living wage for yourself, not to mention wife and family.

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Stay at home and sell almost anything, and cheat just a little on every little bit, and safely and comfortably you can pile up in a month or so fortune enough to buy castles, islands, jewels, pictures, and of course anything in the way of a title that self and wife may fancy. And all without the risk of even six months in the second division.

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In war-time, though, life's fuller of inequalities than ever, isn't it? With one hand we stint the matches and laboriously construct spills of the largest size, and with the other simply pour out the Treasury Notes by the thousands and tens of thousands on pearls—the profiteeress's neck-wear of the moment—lovely *lingerie* and lapdogs and lacquer and everything else *de luxe* and *de la paix*.

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And perhaps the strikingest contrast of all these motorless days here in London now is on the Tubes, where, perforce, the Very Best People in the filmiest of frocks and slippers and wraps, must binge and struggle for place with the dustiest and most work-stained of "those who climb another's stairs." Picture to yourself the glad rags that are destined to adorn the boxes at Beecham Opera next week, heartlessly hustled on its way to Drury Lane, with callous cries of "Parss along there, *please!*" and "Now, then, *hurry* up!"

With love, yours ever, Blanche

Wayside Scenes on the Western Front

Official Photograph

A "dump" of barbed wire on reels, stacked ready to be taken up for the night working-parties in "No Man's Land"

Official Photograph

A little party of men snatching a few minutes to warm themselves round a fire at the side of the road

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE TRAGEDY OF DR. VACHER

My Dear Bystander—

I am not feeling satisfied about my promotion. I have suspected for some time that I am not ascending the military ladder quite as fast as I might, and this suspicion has hardened into positive conviction, since reading of the career of Private Léon Vacher, as retailed by the French Press.

I don't know if you have followed Private Vacher's career in the *Matin* with the same passionate interest as myself. Be that as it may, I feel it incumbent upon me to give such publicity as I can to the particulars I have gleaned from my research, for the edification and guidance of others, who, like myself, labour beneath a sense of official neglect.

⁂ ⁂

It seems, then, that for over two years, Private Vacher had held the post of orderly at the *Ministère de la Guerre* without the slightest prospect of advancement. This depressing fact weighed upon the man's mind. "Why," he would argue with himself over a glass of beer in his favourite *café*—"Why should not I, Léon Vacher, with my ability, energy, and enthusiasm, meet with the promotion which I consider the just reward for my two years of loyal service in this office?" There seemed no reason whatever, why not.

⁂ ⁂

So Private Vacher quietly and unostentatiously, obtained possession of the necessary Ministerial form and began to occupy his spare time perfecting samples of the caligraphy of his peers, a devoted labour which finally culminated in a document announcing to a delighted world that "*Nous avons l'honneur de nommer M. Léon Vacher comme Médécin Aide-Major de 2ième classe,*" and concluding with instructions to report for duty at the —— Military Hospital, Marseilles.

⁂ ⁂

It was a splendid appointment for 2nd Lieutenant Vacher. It is true he was not an expert in the physician's healing art, yet—as he reminded himself—a wide experience of boils in early youth had made him acquainted with the composition of bread poultices, and he remembered a preparation he had once used in the summer of 1913, for a distressing attack of prickly heat, which had given almost immediate relief. Also he had an aunt who suffered from flat feet. Although, perhaps, not exactly overburdened with medical experience, yet he felt, nevertheless, fully qualified to cope with the exigencies of a military hospital, and it was with a joyful heart that he paid the cabman and took up his new quarters in Marseilles.

⁂ ⁂

There is an unfortunate blank in this early period of Dr. Vacher's career. No particulars of his initiation into his new profession are vouchsafed us; no details of the reception accorded to him by his patients are to hand.

⁂ ⁂

Six months rolled away before it occurred to the enthusiastic young medico that the time was come for promotion to *Médécin Aide-Major de Première Classe.* Promotion is always a healthy stimulant to honest toil, and that very evening it became known that fortune had once more smiled upon him.

It is a pleasant picture that the mind conjures up: the joyful arrival of the letter from the Minister of War, the radiant smiles of the hospital staff as they crowd round with eager felicitations, the happy exit to the outfitter's shop to purchase another *galon.*

⁂ ⁂

Alas for the vanity of human endeavour! How the end came is not at all clear. Whether it was due to a pardonable ambition to capture the job of the *Médécin Chef,* or whether it is to be attributed to the inefficacy of rhubarb pills to dissipate a bronchial catarrh only the finding of the *conseil de guerre* will reveal.

I will not labour the moral. Let me say that I am practising hard to get the job of Camouflage Officer at the War Office.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson

PASSED BY CENSOR

"HOW ON EARTH AM I TO DUCK?"

Bairnsfather in Two Places

At the opening of the Chevrons Club, a fortnight ago, one of the most attractive and talked-of things was the picture (and poster) which Captain Bairnsfather had designed and painted as a gift to the Club, which is intended for the N.C.O.'s of the British Army. The picture is a half-length figure of a sergeant, painted with all the insight into character for which Captain Bairnsfather has earned such a big reputation. In another place, also, he added to his fame; for a picture he had drawn for the programme of the Eccentric Club's "Minesweepers" matinée at the Empire, was sold by auction during the afternoon for no less a sum than £399.

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

You might think the Austrians were safe on the top of a place like this—but they're not

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

EDDIES of WAR

"WHERE THE CARCASE IS . . ." BY DELL LEIGH

DERMOTT settled himself well into the deep chair and put his feet up on the club fender. "Yes," he said, "It's really very extraordinary, when you come to think it over. It was a good sort of life in the Straits, take it all round. I well remember that night in August when they cabled up from Singapore, saying that war had broken out at last. It was one of the usual nights at the Perak Club. Most of the fellows had been playing a round of golf before dinner, or tennis. I think it was somebody's birthday, or silver wedding—or something. Anyway, we were all very merry. And afterwards some of the women came in from adjoining bungalows and they started an impromptu hop in the drawing-room. And then they moved the piano out on to the lawn, as the punkhas had jammed and it was too hot inside. About eleven, a fellow arrived in a gharri with the news of war. It was really rather amusing. Quite half the members of the club were German. There was old Max Schneider, Carl Uppermann, the rubber merchant; Meister, of the Proning Mine; and Friedhoffer, quite a decent sort, who had made a biggish fortune out of Straits tin. They were all very jubilant, and began 'Hoching' the Kaiser and singing 'Deutschland Uber Alles,' until we smothered them with a mixture of the National Anthem and 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow.' I don't quite know who we meant, but it doesn't matter. I only instance these things to show you that nobody really took the thing seriously. I'm told that with you people in London it was different. But there were five Englishmen there that night who, in the light of future events, impressed themselves on my memory, chiefly because I saw them get together in a corner of the bar and put their heads down; and the next morning, very early, they had all gone down to the coast, and the Straits knew them no more. Mind you, England hadn't come in then, *we* hadn't declared war; but it seemed a foregone conclusion. They were Austin, Martin, Jagger, Phipps, and Bostock. All dear friends of mine. And they all went suddenly and completely, leaving their work and their great responsibilities behind them. They were silent men who do things. You know the breed. They were all making money, too, and none of them were boys. I suppose their average age was thirty-six.

❋ ❋

"Now watch what happened. Three years and a half have gone by since then. I got bitten with the war fever very soon afterwards, and came home in the old Britannia about two months later—Lor'! how she rolled—and they gave me an Engineer commission, because of my knowledge of electric power supply. But the five vultures, whose names I have given you, all passed across my ken again in queer ways, and all within the last few months, and we are now in February, 1918. I was going up to King's Cross one night in a train to meet my brother, whose ship had come in somewhere up on the Scotch coast. There was a soldier sitting opposite me with much of the dirt of France on him. He was cumbered up with equipment, and looked as if he hadn't slept for several nights. 'Dermy, old man,' he said, blinking at me in the gloom—and it was Jagger, a corporal in the Gordons, home on seven days' leave. I lost an eye on the Somme and so only recognised him with difficulty. But it was the wiry Jagger all right, only ten years older. My brother took me to Murray's last Sunday. There was a very brass-hatted chap in the hall with a D.S.O. and Military Cross and bar who dashed at me when I came in—Austin! Thinner, but the same jovial bird.

❋ ❋

"On the last leave boat I had the pleasure of being ill in there was a chap on the sofa behind me being very noisy. I turned round to curse him, but Second Lieutenant Phipps smiled a sickly smile, and I glanced at his D.C.M. and said nothing. He couldn't recognise old pals. When I was lying in the General Hospital at Boulogne, with my face all smothered in bandages, I heard a voice across the ward say 'damn you, don't shake the bed so, I've had three hours of that already, my lad,' to a young doctor, and it was Bostock, sure enough, with a shattered thigh. I never saw him, because I was quite blind in those days; but we conferred together through the medium of a nurse, and it did us more good than any of their morning dressings, I can tell you!

❋ ❋

"I MET Martin in a very queer way only last week. I had been sent up by the War Office to the Scottish Command to see a C.R.E. about a job in Edinburgh. I went into the Caledonian before dinner for a "stinga." There was an awful crowd in the lounge, and a man flopped down in a faint. I and another chap bent down simultaneously to pick him up; the other chap was Martin! We greeted each other across the prostrate body of the Scotch munitioneer, for that was what he looked like. We went to dinner together at his club and compared notes. He had got a fat job up there as a D.A.A.Q.M.G. to someone. But he was minus an arm, and had been in German hands for eighteen months. I told him about the other four. I have seldom seen a man so bucked at the news. It appears they had all parted at Tilbury, when they came over in '14; and I supplied the missing links. Martin was rather a literary sort of bird, and he said when I told him, 'Where the carcase is there shall the vultures be gathered together.' He added, 'we seem to have come over to pick the bones, and they have had some of mine,' glancing at his right sleeve. But, you know," concluded Dermott, draining his glass, "that little history may not seem much to you fellows, who have been scrapping ever since you can remember; but to me it seems just typical of old England, and I, for one, am rather proud of it. We can't go far wrong so long as we can breed men like those.

"What? Well, just a wee one perhaps—thanks, yes, all the soda."

Aircraft Intelligence

PASSED BY CENSOR

RAW AIR MECHANIC *(who has been told to discover the "missing" cylinder of an engine just tested)*: "Sir, I've counted the cylinders, and beg to report they're all present, sir!"

The Armistice That Ended in Neither War Nor Peace

This very interesting photograph shows the arrival of Trotsky and other Bolshevik delegates at the railway station at Brest-Litvosk, and their reception by the German and Austrian officers. There is a certain suggestion of the lamb and the wolf about the picture; but in the event the lamb's devious methods seem to have left the wolf rather uncertain as to whether there is a war on or not

The Bystander in Paris

SPRING IN PARIS

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

SPRING comes to Paris at the corner by the Madeleine. Before that it has arrived to the Bois or the Champs Elysées, and before the snowdrops at Bagatelle shine in the grass, when the trees are still black and dead, it finds itself just at the beginning of the Grands Boulevards.

⁂

PERHAPS it is the *marché aux fleurs* which makes it seem so, but it is scarcely that, because there are in Paris other markets where the old ladies arrange the lilacs and mimosa on their stalls and make the pavement so gay with azaleas and cyclamen. Yet it is not spring in these other markets.

⁂

IN the Place de la Madeleine one cannot describe what it is that is different, but one so much feels it. Everyone seems changed. Even one might expect the statue of M. Jules Simon, who was very respectable, to dance a little, and to-day I think he must so have wished to get down from his pedestal and cross the Boulevard to the flower market because it was a day of exquisite spring.

"The so narrow skirt"

"We watched how the world comported itself"

HOW to describe it? *Mes amis*, you know how in London it is in the Row that spring arrives with the yellow and purple *safran* in the grass, and a so pale lilac colour in the trees and the air. I, too, have seen it, and I love it, but it is more I love the spring in the Place de la Madeleine.

⁂

Chez vous it to me appeared, even when it was peace, your world was a little narrow on beautiful days. You keep the poor young spring in the Park, but when you go in the City she dare not come. In Paris she is of the boulevards. She is a gay girl and is not afraid to go into the *bureaux* with the *messieurs* and drag them out again to the *terrasse*.

⁂

BUT first I would write of the *marché aux fleurs*. I have not seen that in the nice streets of London, and how much it pleases your soldiers. They stop when they see the so arresting colour of the little *Place* all covered with roses and lilac and violets and carnations over the great white *boules-de-neige*. "That is fine," one will say, and then, while they regard, it is, perhaps, a *midinette* will pass, who will smile just with her eyes. It is a girl and a soldier

(Continued on page 452)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

and flowers—*voilà un drame*, and *Madame la marchande de fleurs*, she is the impresario. "Violets," she will call, and the soldiers cannot turn away. *Mam'selle* the naughty *midinette*, stays by the stall to admire. "*Un porte-bonheur*," Madame calls again. "*Combien?*" the soldiers ask and hold out a handful of money.

❀

Madame la Marchande des Fleurs does not take more than two times her right, and *Mam'selle Mimi* has her *porte-bonheur*. The soldiers laugh and saunter up the boulevard. It is the spring. No one could keep themselves at home to-day, and when the sun again shines warm, and every day a little more how it is difficult not to buy. One has always the need for hats, and it is already time to decide if one must have the so narrow skirt which the *couturières* have decreed with the Government must be the *mode*.

❀

But for to-day, because it was the first day of the spring, we bought only our flowers, Lucile and I, and then with M. Marcel we watched how the world comported itself. How more and more it becomes a world of khaki on our boulevards—of Tommies, of Sammies, and of the soldiers from your other Englands in away parts of the earth.

"A midinette will pass"

It was they more than any who were enjoying our Parisian spring; and after the war, I think sometimes, you will in England have a surprise with your soldiers. You know we used to think in England you did not care much for other people. You played your sports but you did not like much conversation, or to be many together all gay not doing anything. Only talking.

❀

Now I think your soldiers have the habit to just sit down and talk, and M. Marcel told us a story that at the front some officers have made a club called the "Piccadilly Parisians." When it is peace they will one day—it will be a spring day like to-day—make a revolution in Piccadilly. With their servants, who will again be waiters in the great clubs, they say they will carry the tables on to the pavement and sit in the sun while they drink their *bock* and their *apéritif*, and tell the stories of Messines and Cambrai.

❀

It is so that now your soldiers love to do in Paris. What fun it will be when, after the war, these officers make the revolution of Piccadilly on a spring day and there are *cafés* all along Knightsbridge.

À bientôt,

Your friend, AGNÈS

"Spring is not afraid to go into the bureaux"

Pan-Germany

—AND THE VERY BEST THING TO DO WITH IT

THE PATR

PATRIOT

The New Narcissus

MR. LESLIE HENSON

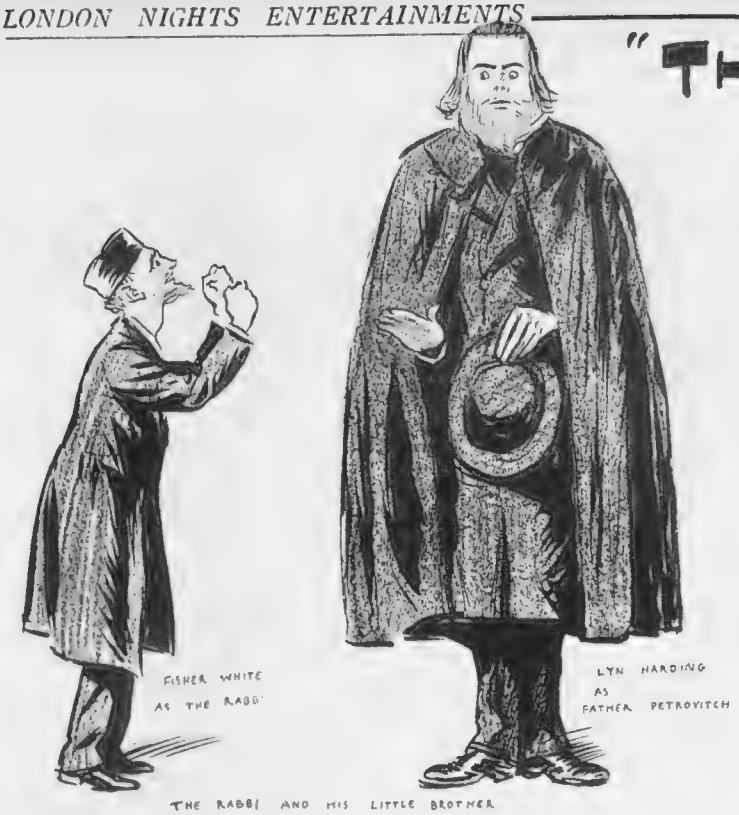
And his water-nymphs in that bright and amusing play "Yes, Uncle!" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

"THE LITTLE BROTHER"

AT THE 'AMBASSADORS'

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER



THE RABBI AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER

THIS is a play about Russian Jews, and it is therefore extremely topical. It has the added advantage of showing us what must be some of the best acting to be seen in London at the moment; and the story is told with that intense sincerity and fierce conviction that seem to be characteristic of all Jewish plays. It is the old dreary story of contending religious faiths; but the author has adroitly contrived to weave a real romance among the dry bones of faction.

BY way of giving the story a lively send-off, we begin with a pogrom. The Christians of a Russian village decide to spend a pleasant Sunday afternoon by massacring their Jewish neighbours, and we hear faintly, as from afar, the noise made by the Jews in their very natural objection to this disquieting operation.

❀

I HAVE never myself witnessed a pogrom, but I should have thought it would be a rather noisier affair than that indicated on the stage here. However orderly and systematic the killing might be. I should have thought somebody might have kicked a chair over, or dropped a piece of crockery, or pushed somebody else ill-manneredly against the wall with a noisy thud. All we hear is the distant moaning of a hundred voices like the sighing of the wind among the chimney pots; and all we see is a Christian woman looking out of a window with a pained expression on her face, very properly regarding the proceedings as extremely incorrect.

❀

THE Christian woman in question is Marie, the servant in an amiable Jewish family. The bulk of the family having got mixed up in the pogrom with fatal consequences, Marie snatches the family's baby from its cradle, and saves it from sharing the exciting fate of its father and mother. Another member of the family, the eldest son, Mordecai, had been

(Continued on page 458)

THE MARRIAGE BROKER AND HIS CLIENTS

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

taken away from the village before the pogrom started, and it is upon this young man that we have now to keep our eye.

✲

MORDECAI becomes a Rabbi, and we see him forty years later in New York, a gentle and kindly father to his people with a habit of pawning things from the sideboard when he is short of money for his charitable works. Mordecai has a daughter named Judith, and the trouble is that the girl has fallen in love with a Christian youth named George, the ward of a rather fanatical Christian pastor, Father Petrovitch. To make matters worse, the young people go and get married without consulting anybody, and then come back to know what their respective parents and guardians are going to do about it.

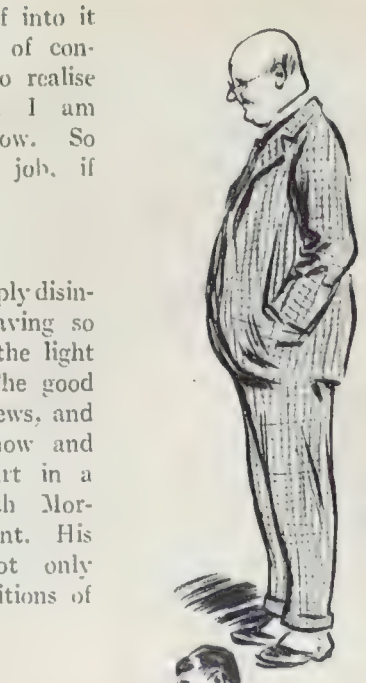
✲

As it happens, the honours are about even between the Jew and the Christian, both of whom are constrained to put their religion before their simple human duty. At this point, of course, there is material for a very fierce controversy indeed, and much as I should love to fling myself into it with a reckless disregard of consequences, I have sadly to realise that that is not what I am being paid for just now. So we'll get back to the job, if you don't mind.

✲

FATHER PETROVITCH simply disinherits his ward for having so grievously sinned against the light as to marry a Jewess. The good Father has a down on Jews, and is suspected of having now and again taken a joyous part in a sanguinary pogrom. With Mordecai it is a little different. His daughter has affronted not only her religion, but the traditions of her race: and therefore (though the necessary sequence is not one that I admit) he can have nothing more to do with her.

CECILY BYRNE AS 'JUDITH'



SYDNEY PAXTON AS A BENEVOLENT BACHELOR

RONALD COLMAN AS 'GEORGE'

THE YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR FIRST-BORN

ROY BYFORD IN THE PROLOGUE

✲

THE real interest of the story comes with the last act. There the rabbi and the pastor, divided as far as the poles apart by their religions, and by the fanatical hatred of the pastor for the Jews, learn that they are brothers in blood, the children of the same father and mother. Father Petrovitch is no other than the little Jew boy saved from the pogrom by the gentle Marie, who, naturally enough, brought him up in her own faith.

✲

THIS is a tremendous climax, and it is made all the more dramatic by the powerful acting. Mr. Lyn Harding, as the fiercely uncompromising Christian, gives us a superb picture of the man whose ideals of a lifetime have suddenly broken down before a simple, cold, hard fact; while the tender beauty of Mr. Fisher White's Mordecai is a thing to remember. A most amusing picture of a Jewish marriage broker always looking for business and finding it in the most unlikely places, is given by Mr. Ben Nathan; and the stage management of the Russian interior in the first act is singularly perfect.

✲

The Little Brother is a play full of ideas for the thoughtful, though, perhaps, at the moment, a story emphasising the essential differences between Jews and Christians is not so useful as it might otherwise have been. JINGLE.

Awkward Moments in the Army

PASSED BY CENSOR

WHEN ONE MEETS ONE'S YOUNGER BROTHER

Shrapnel Pars

THE president of the new Ukraine Republic, M. Ssewrjuk Ljubynsjkijj, has certainly effectually protected himself against all verbal criticism in this country.

RUSSIA would now appear to be completely broken up—into separate peaces.

A PARISIAN dressmaker, in view of air-raids, has designed a cellar gown. Something *chic*, we presume, in sackcloth and ashes.

IT is suggested that Lord Rhondda should be known as "The Gay Lord Queue." But wouldn't "Old Q" be crisper?

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN tells us not to get fed-up with want of food. We won't But we suppose we may get fed-up with coupons.

MR. J. H. THOMAS says that the country, and all of us, would be better for a fortnight's rest. We don't like separating ourselves from the country, but we cannot help remarking: "And so say all of us."

MAX of Baden says that the key to the position is in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. They *are* sitting up and taking notice, aren't they?

TO use the word Abdul alone, we are told, is wrong; as it means "the servant of" But it is not always polite to say of whom, is it?

TWO new Zeppelins completed their trials over Lake Constance last week. But there are probably other trials in store for them.

THERE were no currants in a sample of raspberry and currant jam analysed last week at Camberwell. There was, however, a raspberry.

THE Huns are reported to be seriously contemplating the removal of the Krupp works from Essen. They are afraid that if they don't do it themselves the Allied airmen may save them the trouble.

OUR own special "dear old lady" says she is sure Sir George Cave ought to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer, because by a recent decision he has succeeded in taking such a lot of the taxis off.

RUDYARD KIPLING tells us that money is the only thing that never takes a day off. We can but enviously congratulate him on his singularly fortunate experience.

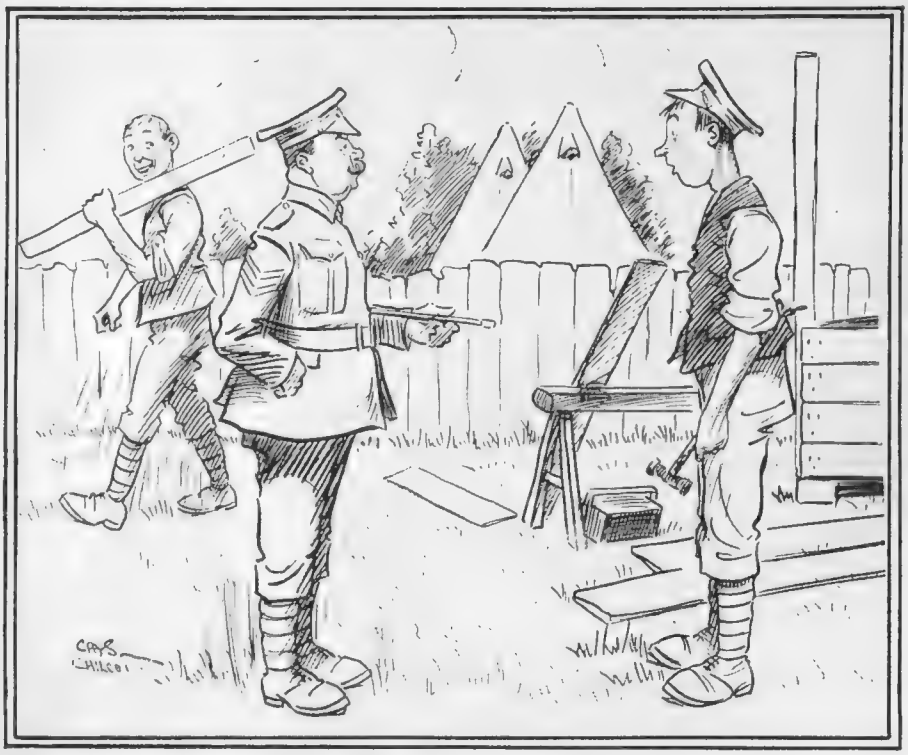
NOT without reason, a contemporary girds at an advertisement of "English-made *eau-de-Cologne*." Why not, it says, an English name for an English scent? Well, how would "Lily of the Colne Valley" meet the case?

"HOW long is Mr. Balfour to remain where he is?" shrieks a disgruntled Sunday paper. History, we know, has a bad habit of repeating itself; but if a second "B.M.G." campaign is *really* inevitable, can't it at least be held up till after the war?

THE Polish papers are appearing with mourning borders in consequence of the treaty with the Ukraine. So instead of flags of victory, the Huns seem likely to be bringing out nothing more cheerful than Poles draped with black.

A NOW familiar headline: "Last Night's Air Raiders Driven Off. Failure to Penetrate the London Defences." An *un*familiar headline: "The London Defences Penetrated the Raiders."

IN a desperate endeavour to lengthen its days, the Bolshevik government (so-called) intends to adopt "summer-time" immediately.



THE REASON WHY

SERGEANT: "'Ere! You ain't getting along very fast with this job!"
TOMMY: "Well, Rome wasn't built in a day, you know"
SERGEANT: "I know all about that, my lad, but *I* wasn't a sergeant then!"

Luncheon Baskets—1918

Owing to the difficulties with food tickets city workers will be obliged to take up their own lunches to the office. This is how it will be done

A Counter Attraction

BY F. W. THOMAS

WHY the dickens Pemmick wanted to butt in beats me.

The war was going along quite nicely without him, and then he must needs go and poke his nose into it. No business of his whatever. Just like these Pemmicks.

A wonderful chap, really, in his way. Once only—in 1907, I think—did I have to tell him my size in collars. That was all he wanted.

How he did it I haven't the faintest notion: but with that meagre information at his disposal he worked out my size in shirts, underwear, gloves, and pyjamas; my size in hats and taste in ties. And, dash it all, y'know, he was right every time. To a tick! Marvellous!

Sat up at night working it out by algebra, I suppose, or clairvoyance, or maybe he doubled it and took away the number he first thought of. I don't know! But he did it, and he was right.

All I had to do was to float into the shop and say "Half a dozen shirts, Pemmick," and there they were, size right and colour right. A clinking chap at his job.

And now look! A 'bus went by in a hurry last Tuesday, and I felt a splash on my cheek. Looked in the glass. Splodge on my collar. Confound!

So I went to see Pemmick. There was a girl thing behind the counter. Fuzzy-haired slip about eighteen. Awfully pretty, y'know, but hang it all!

"Mr. Pemmick be long?" I asked.

"I hope not!" said the wench.

"Gone to lunch?"

"Gone to the war!" said fuzzy hair. "Anything I can do?"

Gone to the war! Pemmick! I say, y'know! A bit thick, what? Anything she could do? Prue-prue!

"You want a collar. That one's in a frightful mess," said the girl. "Better take a dozen while you're at it. They come cheaper that way."

So I took a dozen. Fine eyes that girl had. Like those little pale blue flowers—what-d'you-call-'ems—thing-me-jigs. You know!

"And the next thing?" she asked. Well, y'know, there wasn't any old next thing. But after all, I thought—you see—well, what I mean's this. Kid gloves aren't what they used to be. Don't seem to last five minutes. So I thought as I was there—see what I mean?

"Seven-and-six!" said the girl. "One or two pairs?" Now, you know, I'm devilish hard on gloves devilish hard! So I had two pairs.

Side-face she reminded me a bit of Edna May. Nose a little tip-tilted. Not much y'know. Just enough. Just right. An awfully jolly nose.

"Ties?" she asked, and slapped half a dozen boxes on to the counter. Well, while I was at it—but y'know I've got simply bags of ties at home. Bags of 'em. The place is knee-deep in ties. Still, I chose one or two. Didn't look at 'em much. There was a wee kiss curl just behind her ear———

"Jiminy Christmas!" she yelled. "You can't wear that thing. Not with greeny-grey eyes and butter-coloured hair. It isn't done! The boys'd hoot at you! Here, let me choose one for you!"

D'you know, she chose six. A puce one, for up-river, she said; a magenta one for garden parties; two green ones for office use; a black one for weddings, etc., and a miniature Union Jack for the outbreak of peace. Fifteen bob! This war ought to be stopped, y'know.

And then she spread her fingers on the counter, so: and "anything else?" she asked.

Then before I could stop her she'd started.

"Socks?" I waved a hand and said I'd got a taxi waiting.

"Hankies?" I could see it coming.

"Shirts?" Tut-tut!

"PANTS?"

I say, y'know! Pants! And she couldn't have been more than eighteen. And her eyes! And that ducky little nose! And that teeny kiss-curl! Pants! Just like that! Pants! Never turned a hair!

"We've got some fine new lines in merino and natural wool," she said; "and woollen stuff's going to be dear, y'know. Now's the time to buy."

I hummed and ha-ed. You see, dash it all, I hadn't got my breath back. Pants! Just like that: Pants!

"I should think you'd take"—she looked me up and down, down and up—"I should think you'd take small men's."

SMALL MEN'S! I say, y'know, a bit thick, what? Small Men's!

If she'd suggested Large Men's she might have sold me half a dozen pairs. But Small Men's! And I five feet six, nearly seven, in my socks.

Small Men's! A blow, my friends; a distinct nasty one!

"NO!" I said, and she could see that I was annoyed. Small Men's! A presumptuous hussy. Just like these flappers! Pitchforked into jobs they know nothing about.

Rude.

No tact.

And yet—her eyes, y'know! Pale blue, like those little flower things—what-d'you-call-'ems? Like those little starry thing-me-jigs, all wet with the dew. And her dinky little nose. . . .

I'm afraid I shall have to go there again to-morrow.

I'm getting rather short of—er—ties. Yes, that's it—ties!

In Black and White

PASSED BY CENSOR

COALING ONE OF OUR SHIPS IN THE ARCTIC

Books *of the* Week

Cannan's New Works

IN *The Stucco House* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*) Mr. Gilbert Cannan continues the provincial theme which he began in *Three Pretty Men*. The scene is laid in Mid-Victorian Lancashire Thrigsby—respectable, money-making, and, in its own view, well in front of the times. And of the Thrigsby families, none is probably more respectable than that of the Lawries. But, as Mr. Cannan's readers may remember, there is one Lawrie who conforms neither to custom nor procedure. Jamie has always been different, and in the stucco house into which he moves with his horribly proper wife and young family are enacted the several steps which make up his "downfall."

❋ ❋

"Tragedy"

THINGS just go from bad to worse. Husband and wife drift apart. The children are forbidden to be friendly with their "disreputable" father. There will, of course, always be Jamies and always Catherines, but it is not always a writer of Cannan's ability and zeal who attempts to portray the tragedy of their life together. At one time everyone, except dear faithful Tibby, is against Jamie, but we of the twentieth century are in process of learning that Jamie was right just where his successful fellow-townsmen were wrong. It is noteworthy, by the way, that the earlier chapters of this poignant book, wherein Jamie has his little successes, are far more depressing than the later ones, which tell of his downfall. That must be due to Mr. Cannan's persuasive ways.

❋ ❋

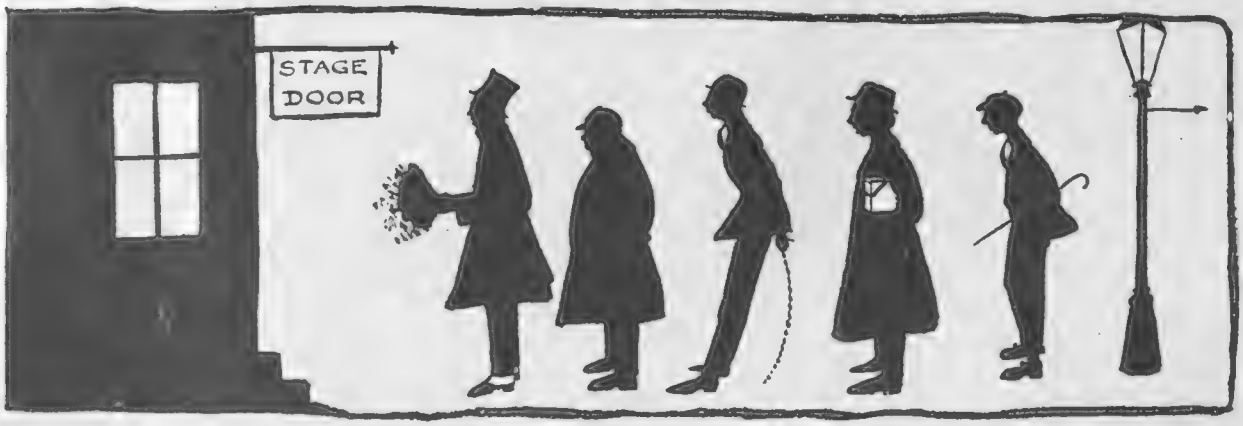
"Noel"

THE same author's *Noel: An Epic in Ten Cantos* (Grant Richards: Part 1. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) shows Mr. Cannan in the guise of satirist. No more than the introduction is given in this first part of the Liberal-Imperial Epic which Mr. Cannan has planned. It is mightily interesting. All sorts of unexpected people, including the one and only Horatio, appear; and the whip is applied very cheerfully to their backs. Mr. Cannan hits hard, and shows considerably more humour than he generally allows to appear in his prose works. If *Noel* continues as well as it begins, we should have something to compare favourably with that other satire of a hundred years ago which startled comfortable Englishmen a little way out of their accustomed lethargy.

❋ ❋

"Our Little Kingdom"

MR. PAUL CRESWICK'S novel, *Our Little Kingdom* (Duckworth: 6*s.* net) is a long and detailed piece of family history, never very exciting, never particularly unusual—but always lovable, and, in spite of its length, never dull. You may quarrel with Mr. Creswick about his English, and smile sometimes at his ingenuous methods, but the commonplace story of Robert Carson, Civil Servant, with its unusually clever cameos of character-drawing, gets hold of you and compels your attention. R. S.



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The Poetry of the "Push"

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE great Italian poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, recently took part in a little sea-push somewhere in the Adriatic. Not only does he appear to have enjoyed the experience thoroughly, but he has placed on record the fact that he left behind him a little personal poem enclosed in a bottle which he threw into the harbour as he came away. The poem was to the effect that in his opinion Austrians are extremely inferior people, and that if they continue to annoy the Italians by trespassing on forbidden ground they will get it where the chicken got the axe. If poets in arms are going to do this sort of thing a new terror will be added to warfare so far as the enemy is concerned.

IT is well known that we have many poets—and not all minor ones—with the armies in France. If it should be decided to include in the orders of the day an instruction that a little personal poetry should be delivered to the enemy as frequently as possible, some of our officers will have a recreation that will make time hang less heavily on their hands between the fights. And, in due course, an enemy sentry, briskly dodging what he imagines to be a new kind of bomb, will discover that the dangerous missile is nothing more than a nice spring poem—something like this, I suppose:

O Hun of mailèd fist and rattling shard,
Whose unclean hand hath stainèd Europe red,
The way of the transgressor shall be hard;
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er thy head.
You drank to glory deep—you drained the cup;
And we are now about to mop you up!

THE last line is not, perhaps, in the highest poetic style, but slips of the kind will doubtless occur when the Muse is suddenly interrupted by Mars in the shape of an extra-special "crump." Of course, some of our military poets may not have the gift of fancy. They will be plain, practical young men, anxious to do their poetic bit, and at the same time to let it be known that they have done it—as thus:

I'm Second-Lieutenant Montgomery Brown—
A bit of a Nut when I'm in Town;
And shortly I'll pop over the top,
And do the whole lot of you down!

ONE of the curiosities of the war is the success with which men who had never previously handled any more formidable weapon than the pen have adapted themselves to the new conditions. Many of them will, doubtless, be pleased at being encouraged to use the pen again in the good cause of lowering the enemy's *moral*. One can imagine the canny fighter from the land o' cakes doing it like this:

Ye Hun, ye're a depressin' sicht;
Ye ganged thro' Flanders in your micht,
And cam' tae us at deid o' nicht, and thocht we couldna see ye!
Ye ken the noo ye're on the rocks,
Frae Breetish lads ye'll hae bit socks
Besides, in front o' ye there's Jocks,
And they're the stuff tae gie ye!

SOME of the poets will doubtless look at their subject in a lighter vein. So we may look for something in this style:

Spring reigns once more.
Enthroned she sits, 'mid song of thrush and lark and linnet.
And we are out to strafe you, Fritz.
Oh, why the deuce did you begin it?

The grass is green, the sky is blue;
The birds their tender mates are picking,
At dawn, my lad, we go for you,
And you are going to get a licking.

Your word of honour's cheap, but still
We'll make you sorry that you broke it;
And you can tell old Kaiser Bill
To put that in his pipe and smoke it!

IT is always possible, too, that the good work may be assigned occasionally to the rank and file. The merest *amour propre* will inspire, say, our own Old Bill, and what any effort of his may lack in illumination it will doubtless make up in virile emphasis. As for instance:

You Germans kid yourselves you know a blinkin' lot;
But 'arf a mo! There's me and Alf and Bert and Bob;
You wait till we get on the job!
Besides we've got a brand new shell
That's goin' to give you fellers somethin' to go on with.

(The absence of a pleasing lilt at the end may be attributed to the merciful intervention of a Field Censor).

"TO AROUSE ANGER AND LOATHING"

The latest suggestion for increasing the efficiency of bayonet practice. The ordinary sandbag used for this purpose is a trifle dull; but, surmounted by one of these heads, painted on wood and cut out, it ought to inspire recruits to put their hearts into their work

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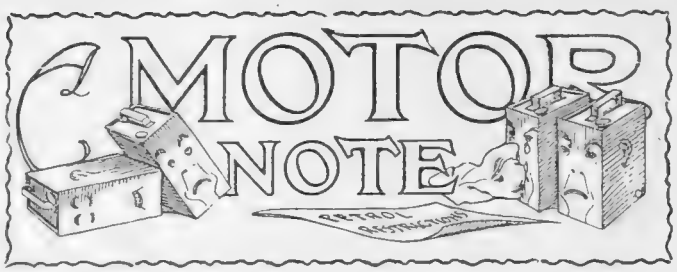
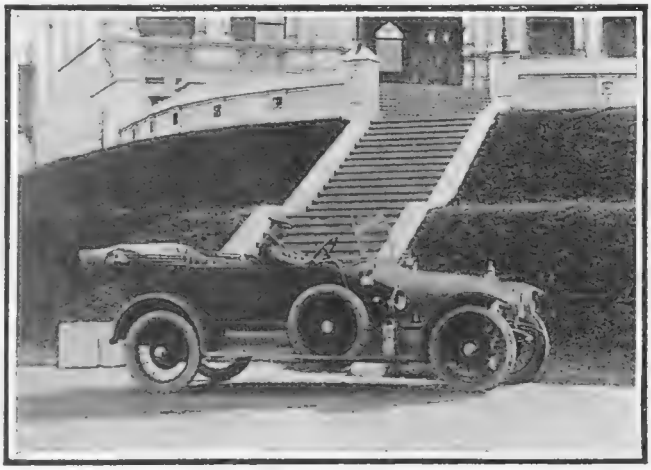


On the "Get-Together"

"VECTIS" thinks that all British car manufacturers should get together at a round-table conference and tell each other, in broad outline, their post-war intentions. So do I—have thought so and said so for two or three years; while I have been arguing for that round-table conference as a prime necessity of efficient and economical production and marketing (particularly in connection with the low-priced vehicle) for heaven knows how many additional years. As a fact, several firms have come together for co-operative production in special connections already; but the idea must necessarily secure wider adoption if the results are going to safeguard the national industry and also provide the market, meaning *us*, with the vehicle it wants at the price it can pay after the tax-collector has had his due. In supporting the proposition of Comrade Vectis, I beg to move as an addendum that after the manufacturers have told each other what they propose to do, they should at once proceed to tell *us*. As *we* are the market, probably we count for something. We would like, in broad outline, to know something of what we shall get after the war; and, please, we'd like that bit of knowledge now.



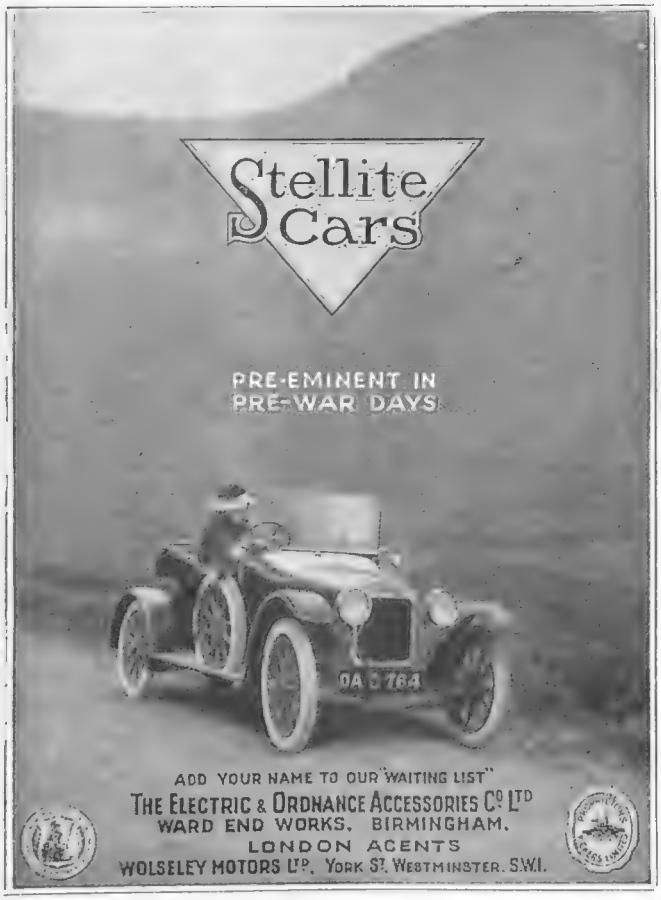
IN A FAR COUNTRY

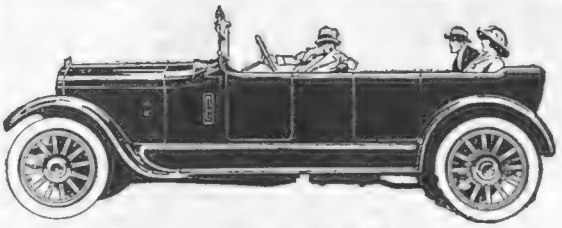
A Sunbeam car drawn up in front of the Parliament House at Wellington, N.Z.

Kicking Against the Pricks

THERE are some signs that the motoring community is not wholly content to take every kick lying down. Being part of the motoring community myself, I find myself very sympathetically on the side of those who think motoring interests have been very severely manhandled by an authority concerned mainly to show how democratic it is, and how indifferent to the alleged pleasures of the alleged idle rich who own motor vehicles. Motoring, of course, suffers badly from the fact that it has popularly been regarded as a luxurious dissipation. Authority, having all the vehicles and fuel it wants for the duration of the war, and being vastly concerned to keep the "passionate and ill-informed mob," in as nice a frame of mind as possible, is quite willing to chivvy motorists off the road, and would, doubtless, have been quite as willing even if no ground of necessity existed. Authority knows very well that the motoring community, being among what is called the most patriotic section of the populace, will take anything—even

(*Continued on page 474*)





Austin

POINTS ABOUT CARS

No. 3—Appearance.

THE car owner views his "mount" with similar feelings to those experienced by the horseman when he contemplates the symmetry and well-groomed appearance of his thoroughbred. The appeal made by practical car design, free from anything superfluous, and a harmonious "tout ensemble," is unmistakable; the "Austin" displays these characteristics in high degree. *May we not add your name to our Priority List?*

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Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary : No. 1.

"To-day did meet poor Mr. Pessimist in woeful mood. I' faith he is the very Dismal Jimmy himself; but, thinks I, I know the very thing to dispel that lack-joy expression. So when he would have me discuss with him the news sheet 'Stop!' says I, briskly; 'go first and buy a pipe and some Chairman tobacco, for any news is better news when talked over a good smoke.' And he straightway did, and before the hour was out was slapping me on the back for a good fellow."

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MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

extinction—quietly, if national necessity is urged; just as it is ever ready to do its little bit by the loan of cars for the conveyance of wounded, and all other purposes of national advantage to which motor vehicles can be put. And so the long-suffering motoring community has suffered some more without complaint; and in that regard realised all the expectations of Authority.

***

Where is the Remedy?

Of course motoring was not luxurious dissipation at all; but, as to 90 per cent. of it, purely utilitarian in its character. Even as recreation it had the advantage of being much more healthy than some other recreations I could mention. Properly considered, it is certainly one of the most important factors in national efficiency. In a certain national emergency it represents the only possible mode of transport; which I suppose is one reason why the soft sapiency of Authority has decided that the vehicles upon which we must so vitally depend shall rust out in garages without a gill of fuel to move them. That by the way. The unfortunate position is that Authority has declared it impossible to provide fuel without endangering the national cause. The motorist has either to accept that declaration or prove Authority a liar. It cannot prove Authority a liar, because Authority hold all the means of proof. Therefore, however incredulous we may be we have for the moment to accept Authority's declaration. And that necessarily robs any present protest we utter of all its sting and most of its thunder. So that, while I am naturally on the side of the motorists who kick against the agony being piled upon them, I cannot see how they can hope to make that kick effective. It is not a question to-day of the usual peace time causes for complaint. They stand for peace time treatment. To-day we are primarily concerned with fuel wherewith to run the motor vehicle at all. Authority says there is no fuel. Is there any answer to that? If so, will somebody tell me what it is?

ON THE BANKS OF AVON

A six-cylinder Napier car in the picturesque neighbourhood of Salisbury, with the cathedral in the background

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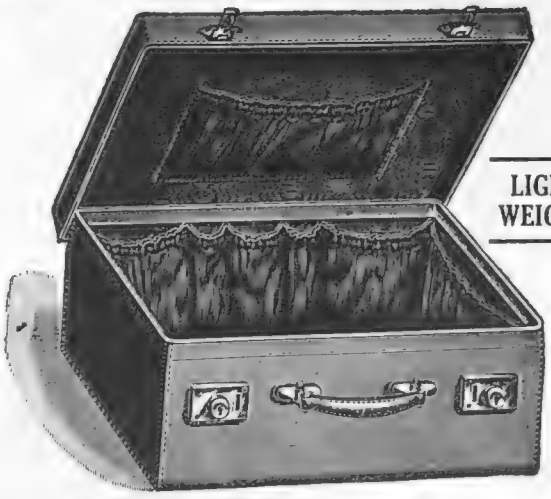

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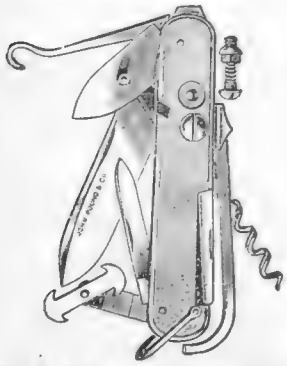

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FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

SPRING CLEANING

It is going on this year in all parts of the world with such energy that in some places they are finding a difficulty in setting things to rights again. The mistake—avoided by good housewives—is in not clearing up as one goes along.

Literal spring-cleaning should be easy this year, because there are women sweeps, carpet-beaters, window-washers, and house-decorators of every kind, and the age-honoured tradition that time was made for slaves, and not for British workmen on the piece-job, no longer sways our lives nor turns the fancy of our men-belongings into paths that lead from home.

Besides, what a training in the art of housework the war has been to those who "dwell in marble halls"! It would be quite difficult to find a woman who had not recently mastered the science of scrubbing and to whom the Turk's head and the feather brush are a mere relaxation from blacking grates or washing-up.

Our muscles may not be so strong yet as those which hereditary use has hardened, but knack is an educated force that proves an excellent substitute for strength, and British homes have every chance of being more thoroughly swept and garnished this year than ever.

We are no longer like amateurs rehearsing a play, and saying, when slips occur: "It will be all right on the night"; we are really learning our parts by heart and practising them as patiently as professionals.

The V.A.D. service is an apprenticeship that admits of no slurring in home details or domestic drudgeries, and when one reads (in Thekla Bowser's wonderful history of this department of warwork) of the transformation of neglected, dust-laden buildings into spick-and-span hospitals, one understands how genuine is the spirit of "splendid socialism," as she calls it, that makes the members "find nothing too lowly for them to do."

Housework is a fine developer of graceful proportions and clear complexions; and one sees a glimmer of a man's adoration for a household goddess to look after his household gods in the wave of marriage that is just occurring between British soldiers and French demoiselles and Overseas men and Scottish girls.

This last proclivity has evidently become proverbial, for an Australian when asked recently if he was married, said: "I'm still disengaged—though I've been to Scotland!" a compliment with a subtle double-edge to it.

These girls, who are captivating admirers from other spheres, are of the kind who suggest lavender and spring-cleanliness. Their well-brushed, neatly-done hair gleams uncovered by any hat, and innocent of paste-comb or pin-curl; their faces owe nothing to "beauty aids"; their blouses and skirts, homespun stockings, and sensible shoes, are eloquent of readiness and capacity to turn-to and keep the home tidy and comfortable.

The men at the Front, cultivating a determined optimism through the winter, are resolved that their spring-cleaning shall make affairs more wholesome.

The new expression replacing "napoo" in popularity is "tres-been," which means that things are going, and going to go, *très bien*, very well indeed.

There are so many new brooms, both in the women's party and the men's, that spring turn-outs have started early, and people are very busy doing other people's jobs. It is a successful plan sometimes. An English lady, whose husband had an appointment given to him in Ireland, was in despair when she first went over at the haphazard methods of her household, until she suddenly devised the scheme of asking the cook to do the housemaid's work on the plea that it would be so much better done, and the housemaid the parlour-work, and so on until a general post was effected, when a perfect result was obtained.

THE WOMAN BEATER (NEW STYLE) (!)

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THINGS are distinctly waking up in the realm of dress, and I have quite a respectable quiverful of spring suggestions. Of these, the tunic stands easily first. That is such an adaptable solution to the slim silhouette, since it permits of all sorts of diversities and expressions. Then there is a return to the short straight coat—even the bolero is hinted—alternating with the quite long coat, which shows something of a disposition to resolve on *redingote* lines; and waistcoats, like the man of many virtues, can do no wrong. Embroidered linens—the embroidery worked in fine wools and never overdone—play a conspicuous rôle in the cause of *gilets*, more dressy effects being achieved by bead broderies. Delicate neutral stitcheries are to be seen on charming little frocks of black or navy *crêpe de Chine*, charmeuse and satin *beauté*. Grey and black and white and black show every indication of standing in the van of favour.

❀

The Dressing of the Latest Pinero Play

THE only things that are not freakish in *The Freaks*, at the New Theatre, are the modern dresses. Naturally the best and lion's share falls to pretty Miss Isobel Elsom, although I personally cannot find it in me to applaud with my *confrères* the straight jumper frock of Japanese blue and white, the latter expressing the jumper upper part embroidered in blue, while the blue skirt was relieved by light touches of white.

For supreme elegance and charm, the pale grey charmeuse worn by Miss Irene Rooke in the first act could not be surpassed. It was a creation of exquisite draperies that appeared to cling and slip around the figure as only charmeuse can. The skirt touched the ground all round, the sleeves were plain, very long and very close-fitting below the elbow, where a serried line of little buttons adorned the back, and what rendered the *ensemble* so restful was the entire absence of any note of colour.

From the point of view of representative fashion, the most interesting confection, perhaps, is the day frock allotted to Miss Isobel Elsom in the last act, and of this "Noreen" has taken a sketch. Over a slim underskirt of white *mousseline de soie*, at the back of which are introduced bands of delicate silver lace, there is dropped a cutaway tunic of marsh mallow yellow georgette, the lower half mounted in close flat pleats, on to a plain *moyen-âge* upper, the latter being just lightly held to the figure by a narrow belt of white *suède*. It is an altogether adorable little gown, as is also the quaint coalscuttle *capote*, carried out in a soft Nattier blue.

A CHARMING FROCK
Worn by Miss Isobel Elsom in the last act of Sir A. W. Pinero's new play, "The Freaks"

I admire, too, very much Miss Isobel Elsom's evening dress, a dainty fragile affair of pink chiffon and *diamanté* lace, the front of the corsage falling either side in a straight line to well below the waist, and incidently revealing a doublure of pink and silver tissue; while in front the *décolletage* was extremely marked: the back was high and the sleeves long, all of which made for arresting novelty and *ligne*.

❀

A Change of Environment

THE changes and sufferings caused by the general upheaval has necessitated the migration of the business known as The London Corset Company, Hanover Street, to 8, Grafton Street, the well-known *salons* of Mesdames Hancock and James.

Standing for all that is best in the *corsetière* world, the "Samothrace" is always kept strictly up to date. A model perfectly appointed to meet the decreed *forme* of the moment is built of satin, finished spot coutille, and manufactured exclusively in the London Corset Company's Parisian workrooms, and is a marvel of cheapness at 38*s.* 9*d.* It is a perfect little corset, warranted to wear and keep its shape, thanks

(*Continued on page 480*)